

HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 24, 1927.

News of the Mill Villages

CLINTON, S. C.

Lydia Mill Personals and News Items

Things are on the hum at Lydia; the office is taking on a new coat of paint and looks 100 per cent better.

We have purchased a new Fordson Tractor and Mr. Johns thinks so much of it he is keeping the streets of our village in fine shape. (He doesn't have to walk, see?)

Lydia Mill Singing Choir meets every Tuesday night, with J. D. Hairston, leader and O. M. Lipe, assistant leader; everybody is invited to come and take part in helping make for Lydia, a good choir.

Lydia Mill Hunting Club, composed of O. M. Lipe, J. D. Hairston, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Harris, and several friends, enjoyed a splendid squirrel stew Saturday night.

Mrs. Mauney is in Columbia on business this week.

Our Baptist Minister is holding a meeting in Edenton, Ga.

This mill made a record last week by getting the largest production that has ever been run here.

We are glad to see Sid Oakley and John Glynn able to be out again. Sid has been in failing health for some time and Mr. Glynn underwent an operation.

I have seen Mr. F. E. Foster, of Draper Corporation around our office several times recently; wonder if he is going to sell us some new looms for our spare floor space?

Ex-Governor D. C. Heyward, who looks after our good line of group Insurance, (which we all take) paid us a very pleasant visit last week.

Mr. George Edgar, of New York City, went through each department of our plant, while here visiting S. M. Drummond. It seemed very interesting to him, as he had never before been in a Cotton Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Johns motored to Rock Hill, S. C. and Charlotte, N. C. Sunday and report a fine trip.

G. L. Hairston, cloth room overseer gave a delightful birthday sup-

per Friday night in honor of his 50th birthday, and had as his guests all the hands of his room.

S. M. Drummonds, who is in charge of our supply department, spent last Tuesday at the Lombard Iron Works, in Augusta, Ga. He went down on business for the company and reports a fine trip.

Mrs. C. M. Bailey, president of the Local Chapter, is attending the Southern U. D. C. Convention, in Charleston, S. C.

Mr. George Conelson, Jr., was in Laurens, getting Mr. Hugh Aiken married this week.

Mr. J. H. Davis, night superintendent, has resigned his position here and returned to his home in Gaffney, S. C.

Mr. Cobb and family were visitors in Spartanburg and Gaffney Saturday.

Mill Force.

L. W. Davis, Superintendent, G. R. Cobb, Spinner, Haskel Williams, Second Hand, C. M. Lipe, Carder, Charlie Smith, Second Hand, John Franks, Weaver, O. L. Goligly, Second Hand, C. Bragg, Master Mechanic, C. L. Hairston, Cloth Room, J. K. Johns, Outside Foreman, Mr. Thomas, Slasher Room.

Night Force.

C. F. Sorrell, Spinner, N. W. Miller, Carder, J. G. Gillispie, Weaver.—Smokey.

FRIES, VA.

Class in Leadership Interesting and Helpful.

The Piney Creek, (N. C.) Basket Ball Boys haven't lost a game they said for six consecutive seasons, until Friday they came over to Fries for a contest with our "Y" team and met their Waterloo to the tune of 30 to 20; they play very well for "Tar Heels."

Mack Hines went to Kingsport, Tenn., to carry Chas. Phillips family and brought back the family of Luther Hill. Mack is a jitney oper-

ator and is getting pretty good business to and from Kingsport lately.

Prof. Baker, our local "Y" secretary, is teaching a class in Leadership, composed of all our foremen, second hands and section men, each Friday evening. The discussions are freely participated in by each member of the class, and is proving to be quite interesting as well as very instructive. Every inducement is given each one present to present his individual ideas, however crude or advanced, which of course enhances greatly the value of the several phases of subject matter.

The Epworth Leaguers of the M. E. Church enjoyed a social meeting last Thursday.

It's hog killing time up here; some of our good neighbors brought us some spar-ribs and back-bones; will try not to abuse them as bad as I did that Alabama yam. Most everybody is inclined to be a little intemperate at times and when it comes to "good eats" seems like I just can't behave.

Our mills are moving along very well we think, and most everybody is happy.

Georgia Cracker.

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Enjoyable Meeting of Maids and Matrons Club.

Delightful indeed was the weekly meeting staged by the Maids and Matrons Club of the Carhartt community Friday evening. These meetings are not held for pleasure only, for it is wonderful what the club has done for the people and community.

An old time quilting party was enjoyed by all during which old time songs were rendered by several of the members.

Following the business hour during which time the Christmas Bazaar was discussed, delicious coffee and cake was served. About twenty members were present at this delightful meeting.—RUTH JENNINGC.

Becky Ann's Own Page

WE ARE TRULY THANKFUL

As we read the many editorials and essays on the subject of "Thanksgiving," we have come to the conclusion that all has been said that can be. We feel thankful in our hearts. God knows all about it, and us, and what we say or leave unsaid, will not sway His judgement. "Is thine heart right?" is the one all important question. He would ask.

SUM OBERVASHUNS BY "AUNT BECKY"

I had a nice trip to Monroe tuther day, an saw one of the biggest superintenders in the State. J. O. Edwards, at Icemorlee, makes his overseers look like "before takin' a flesh prodoocer." But he's a good man, an' don't try to buldoze or take no unfair advantage of 'em.

I got a hint that he wuz layin' plans to "pound" sumbody that night, and I got kinder skeered, cause I knowed if he got to poundin' an' punchin' a feller it wud mean a undertaker an' flowers. But land sakes! I kept on till I found that Mr. Edwards an' the rest of them good Icemorlee folks, wuz jest goin' to pound the new Methodist preacher with a lot of rations, and I low that man wuz rale glad to git a poundin' of that sort, fur there ain't no tellin' how his former church paid him, cause it wern't no cotton mill church.

I wuz in a poundin' wonce—an' everbody wanted to make a big sho, at little cost, an' thar wuz about 39 nicely wrapped packages of corn flakes piled up on that kitchen table an' no sugar ner milk to go with em!

The same overseers air at Icemorlee that wuz there the first time I ever seen the place. W. C. Quick in kyard room has bin thar 49 years. Jest as his name implies—he ain't no slow-poke, an' I low that has sumthin' to do with his success.

J. A. McCraney, overseer spinnin' rite there fur 20 years, is tryin' hard to raise a family big enuff to run the hull room. But he's sendin' 'em to skule; Archie, is "fresh man" in Wingate College. What Mrs. McCraney has done an' is, as the mother of ten or eleven children, —her heart big enuff to love an' kee' fur 'em all—makes Ruth "Elder," seem mighty insignifercent to thoughtful peepil.

"Monkey Hips" at Manetta Mills.

I bin a reedin' so much in "The Manettishn" about one "Monkey Hips" an' his doin's an' sayin's, that I shore did want to see that man. I wondered if he wuz deformed, er sumthin',—that made 'em call him that, an' I thort it wuz orful fur

'em to call him sich a name on account of sum deformity er ailment that he cudn't help.

Well, I marched rite into that offis an' toid the Superintendent, Mr. R. A. Willis, that I wanted to meet "Monkey Hips;" he sent me to Mr. C. W. Walton, the treasurer, and he give me won of his cordial smiles an' a harty welcom, an' strateway sent out, (not in the mill) fur Mr. Monkey Hips.

Well, land sakes! he wuz jest a cute leetle boy that loves to hang er round Mr. Walton outen skule hours, an' wood miley ni run his legs off fur him, he loves him so. I axed him who named him "Monkey Hips," an' with eyes a dancin' he sed: "Mr. Walton;" An' if he's got another name, he never did tell me.

There are a lot of mighty purty gurls in Manetta Mills, and everybody there is turning out purty wark. Them blankets an' bedspreads can't be beet.

The company is a makin' the mill a lot bigger. Addin' to it on the furnt an' back.

Overseers at Icemorlee.

W. C. Quick, carder; Holden Stanton, card grinder; Henry Helms and Arthur Helms, section men; J. A. McCraney, spinner, Horace Funderburk and Luther Helms, section men in spinning; J. W. Wright and Q. A. Fite, section men in winding; P. W. Cook, master mechanic, Frank M. Fite, assistant mechanic, and E. S. Dellinger, machinist; Everett Mill, near Manetta, is also supervised by J. O. Edwards and W. W. Hinson is overseer and assistant superintendent.

Monroe Mills Co.

R. M. Painter, is the genial superintendent; W. L. Thrift, overseer day carding, with Dewey Quick, second hand; Thos. Riley, night carder; J. A. Craig, overseer day spinning, assisted by Loyd Pressley; Boyce Mullis, night spinnier, assisted by Carl Williamson; Hazel Craig, master mechanic.

Manetta Mills.

R. A. Willis, Jr., superintendent, Wm. C. Crenshaw, overseer carding and spinning, Paul B. Moore, overseer weaving; Wm. Preston Wall, overseer cloth room; — — King, in shipping department, and Jno. M. Carroll, master mechanic.

THANKSGIVING SONG SERVICE SUNDAY.

Gastonia, N. C.—The spirit of Thanksgiving will be observed in song at the First Presbyterian church Sunday evening, November 27 when a special sacred concert will be given under the direction of Mr. Overmyer. Visiting soloists will be heard at this time, in addition to

the regular chorus choir, the male chorus and the male quartet.

Both the choir and the male chorus are rehearsing special music for the concert, which is expected to be as successful as several others given in the last year. Numerous requests have come in for musical programs of this kind.

Ralph Urey, baritone soloist of the Second Presbyterian church, Charlotte, will be one of the visiting soloists and will sing several songs. Miss Eva Pratt, teacher in the city schools, will be the soprano soloist. Edwin M. Steckel, organist in the Second Presbyterian church, Charlotte, and director of music in the public schools here, will play the organ. Miss Ruth Robinson, violinist in the public schools is to be the violinist.

In addition to the instrumental music and the choruses, there will be quartet numbers, duets, and trios. The public is cordially invited. There will be no preaching that Sunday evening.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Union Bleachery Community Buying Rose Bushes.

Sixth and seventh grade students from the Union Bleachery community are leading in the thid annual sale of two-year-old rose bushes throughout the Parker School district, according to George R. Briggs, Parker school horticulturist.

Numerous students from the Junior High school have been enrolled in a contest for the sale of rose bushes. All students will be given a commission on their sales and the one selling the greatest number of roses will be given a prize by Mr. Briggs.

Orders for four different climbing roses and eight monthly blooming roses are now being taken. The first supply of plants are expected to be delivered within about two weeks time. All plants are ordered in a cooperative plan in order that they can be furnished residents of the district at a minimum cost. Only residents of the school area are eligible to order through the students.

BELMONT, N. C.

New Mill Nearing Completin. A Penny Party.

Work on the Acme Spinning Company's new mill is going along fine, and it is hoped that the plant will be ready for operating by February. The building is finished, and wiring and other work progressing rapidly, a lot of machinery has arrived and installation will soon begin. This is a modern mill in every way, and there are beautiful homes for em-

ployees. R. B. Suggs is secretary and J. J. Duncan, superintendent of the present mill, will also superintend the new.

Mr. John Loftin of the Climax mill, became seriously ill while visiting his daughter, Mrs. Bell Dennis, of Gastonia, and is no better at this writing.

On account of poor health, Rev. E. C. Dargan, pastor of Park Street Methodist church for the past year is moving to his home in Black Mountain, for a complete rest.

Rev. R. G. Mace, attended the Baptist State Convention in Durham.

Circle No. 2 of the Ladies' Aid Society of East Baptist church, gave a penny party (a penny for each year of their age) Saturday night, and served delicious refreshments.

LA GRANGE, GA.

Rev. C. W. Hanson, manager of Elm City Laundry, attended the recent convention of Laundrymen, held in Macon, Ga.

H. T. Quillian, Y secretary and teacher of the Young Men's Bible Class of Trinity Methodist church, together with this class of young men, will be guests of Tech Athletic Association Saturday at the Tech-Oglethorpe foot ball game, which is scheduled for 2:00 o'clock, in Grant Field.

The Men's Bible Class of Southwest La Grange Baptist church, are paying the school expenses of eleven children. Prof. C. W. Coleman, is teacher.

Several churches will unite in a Thanksgiving service at Unity Methodist church, where Rev. W. P. Coffield, pastor of Southwest La Grange Baptist church, will fill the pulpit. He is a great and good man, loved by all denominations.

Boy Scouts of Southwest La Grange Baptist church, defeated the First Baptist scout troop, in a game of football, by a score of 47-0.

KERSHAW, S. C.

Mill Has a Good Night School, Boy Hurt.

Mr. E. L. Skipper of Fort Mill, visited in Kershaw Saturday evening.

Mr. B. C. Baker and family visited Mr. Baker's relatives in Lumberton, N. C.

Mr. Guy Shaw, of Fort Mill, visited in Kershaw Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Holley visited their daughter, Mrs. Clarence McInvalle, in Whitmire, Sunday.

Messrs Whiteford Philips, Edgar Twitty, and Mc Cuin Ficklin, visited Mr. J. T. Ficklin, in Whitmire Sunday. Mr. Ficklin was formerly our spinning overseer here.

We are having a night school here now, and we have a large number going from our mill. The teachers

are Mr. Patten, the supt. of Day School, and Mr. T. E. Lattimore; these teachers are taking great interest in this work, which is a great work for a mill to carry on. Mr. Patten is giving a course in arithmetic and Mr. Lattimore is giving a course in textile calculations.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Robinson was run over by a car last week and was hurt badly. a cut in the head required fifteen stitches, but he is getting along as well as could be expected.

Mr. E. B. Chandler and wife left Thursday for Georgia, to visit Mr. Chandler's father of that state.

Mr. O. D. Crolley has been on the sick list part of the week, but I think he is on the mend now, and will soon be back on the job.

I must say something about our band, we are still coming to the front, with our music. Mr. Smith is bringing us out of the hole; he is doing some good work and we hope that he will continue the improvement.—

A READER.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Hutchins are spending some time with their daughter, Mrs. J. B. Conner, who is right sick at her home at Bessemer City.

Mrs. Pete Lynn was carried to the Shelby Hospital Friday where she is to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Luther Bridges Saturday, November 12th, a daughter.

Mrs. L. E. Conner of Bessemer City is visiting in Kings Mountain this week.

Mrs. A. B. Cobb and daughter, Miss Virginia visited in Dallas Tuesday.

The meeting is still in progress at Bessemer City this week, but Rev. Isenhour has had to do most of the preaching as Rev. W. H. Pless has been on the sick list for several days. Rev. Hester filled the pulpit at Grace for him Sunday night, and Mrs. R. C. Gantt conducted the prayer meeting Wednesday night; we hope he will soon be well again.

Prof. and Mrs. Russel R. Black of Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord were week-end guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bennett.

The Eunice Bible Class of the First Baptist Church are grieved over the loss of their teacher Mrs. Ben R. Willeford, who is moving to Charlotte this week. Mrs. Willeford can explain a lesson better than lots of preachers and we sure are going to miss her. Her successor will be elected next Sunday.

Among the visitors at the Second Baptist Church Sunday night was Rev. W. F. Long, who will preach for them next Sunday night.

Miss Bertha Laughter conducted

prayer meeting Wednesday night.

I have been on the sick list myself this week and don't have much news.—Mrs. M. L. C.

(You are a plucky, and loyal friend, or you would not have written a line, being sick, thank you.— "Aunt Becky.")

WAXHAW, N. C.

Rodman Heath Cotton Mills.

Miss Eula Mullis, our organist was absent from Sunday school Sunday, on account of a brother's illness; we understand he is improving, and hope to see her at her post next Sunday.

Our Sunday school is improving, though we miss Miss Pearl Rodman terribly, when she doesn't come. We had four visitors Sunday.

Mr. Druey has been very ill this week, hope he will recover soon.

C. M. Stewart, is our new overseer carding and is well liked by his employees and all who know him.

Miss Pearl Rodman is a very generous hearted woman, and likes to do things for our comfort, convenience and happiness. Street lights in the village, is one of her late improvements.

Our superintendent, Mr. Harvey, made a fine talk in Sunday school last Sunday. He too, stands ready at all times to do what he can for the welfare of the community and the church. A New One.

GALVESTON, TEXAS

Interesting Description of Galvez Mills, "Treasure Island," and the Beach, Where Oleanders Grow.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have long been a reader of the BULLETIN and when Mr. Phillips came to our beautiful city with the good news that you had joined the staff and would edit the HOME SECTION on the order of the old MILL NEWS, we were surely glad. Your writings are so helpful to us all, and we look forward to the coming of your paper each week. We always get something out of it that makes us feel better, cheers us up, and makes our burdens seem lighter.

Our city has about 60,000 population and the climate is ideal. I came here a year ago from Athens, Ga., where I was with the Star Thread Mill ten years as overseer cotton carding. I came here to start up the carding in the new Galvez Mills, which is a 15,000 spindle mill with 70 cards and 60 spinning frames, and is one of the most up-to-date plants in the State; it is about 400 feet long, 200 feet wide, two stories, with spinning on first floor and carding on the second.

We started the mill in December, 1926, but in August some financial

trouble made it necessary to close down. We are now in the hands of a temporary receivership, but hope to start up again January next, on full time. We have no mill village. Everybody lives in town and rides in cars to work.

Officers of the mill are, W. L. Moody, III, president; L. W. Reed, secretary and treasurer, also receiver for the mill, at present; R. H. Maupin, superintendent; C. S. Pitts, overseer carding, spinning, spooling and winding, and assistant superintendent; J. W. Childers, is second hand in carding; Frank Barnes, second hand in spinning, spooling, winding and warping.

Morning Pleasures.

We can get up at 5:30, get in our car and go to the beach, take a dip and get back by 6:30 and to work by 7:00 a. m. And fish! You can catch more trout and red fish than you can use. After scaling them, we take the backbone out, and have a boneless tenderloin; put in into hot grease and fry brown, and then we eat too much!

Vegetables of all kinds grow here—the finest you ever saw. There are poultry farms, and "steak-ranches" with around 12,000 to 18,000 head of cattle. Some sight.

We only get about 3 per cent of the storms that form on the Gulf; they mostly go north. There has not been a storm or tidal wave here since 1915. Occasionally we have what we call a "northerner" or "north-easterner" which brings a cold wave, but these only last two or three days. We had no frost at all last winter.

The most beautiful oleanders in the world grow here. In other words, this is their home. There are 56 varieties and all colors from white to pink, old rose and red. They bloom the year around. We also have lemon trees that bear fine fruit.

The Island.

The island 32 miles long, 2 1/4 miles wide, and the mill is situated two miles from the east end, and about half way across. It is about one mile to the beach and Boulevard, which is 22 miles long, and said to be one of the finest beaches in the world. People come here from all parts of the globe, in the spring, and stay all summer for the benefit of the salt water bathing. **Fort Crockett and Aviation School.**

Fort Crockett located here on the beach; the "Third Attack Squadron" of air planes have their training schools here, and planes are flying all day, and are a sight to see. They have had one accident this year, when the wings of a plane closed and dropped the flyer to his death in the Gulf.

They do all kinds of stunt flying. They have a new small plane that will go up at the rate of 1,900 feet per minute, and the motor develops

48 horse power; it weighs 38 pounds. This plane will fly top side down as well as any other way, and is known as the auto-plane because the speed can be reduced to 50 miles per hour. The "Dare-Devil" Atwood, piloted this plane while here, and did stunt flying that kept everybody looking and wondering "what next."

Well Aunt Becky, should you visit our State, be sure to come to Galvez Mill, and we will try to make your stay with us a pleasant one. Will show you our city and the beach.

My wife, Mrs. Pitts, expects to spend the Christmas holidays with her friends at Barnett Shoals, Route A., near Athens, Ga., and of course I'll be lonely without here. Maybe some of my friends in the Carolinas and Georgia will see this, and if they wish to write I'll be glad to hear from them. My address is 4367, Avenue Q., Galveston, Texas.

C. S. Pitts.

KANNAPOLIS, N. C.

Doings of Interest in Towel Town.

Poultry Show.

Sponsored by the Cabarrus County Poultry Association, of which Mr. E. J. Sharp is president, a winter exhibition of fowls will be staged here December 9th and 10th in the gymnasium of the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A.

Any standard bred fowl will be eligible to enter but all mixed breeds will be barred. The competition is open to the world and four beautiful loving cups, as well as several other costly premiums will be awarded as prizes.

The association has secured the services of Judge McClaren, eminent chicken man of Dillon, S. C. as the official judge. Mr. McClaren has judged fowls over the state of South Carolina and at the Madison Square Garden in New York and local poultry men believe themselves fortunate in obtaining him for this occasion. The judging will probably begin at noon on the closing day.

Towelers To Meet Fast Miami Club This Season In Basketball

One of the most pretentious schedules ever attempted by a local basketball team is being booked by the Kannapolis "Y" cagers for this season.

The schedule calls for games with the Miami basketball club; the American Legion team, of Talorsville; Charlotte Y. M. C. A.; Greensboro, Draper, Erlanger and other leading clubs of North Carolina.

On Friday night, November 26th, the locals go to Lexington, where they meet the Erlanger outfit. On November 30th, Draper "Y" comes here, and on December 2nd, the Towelers invade Charlotte for an engagement with the fast quintet plastered together by Carl Link. On

December 30th the Miami, Florida club will play here. Definite dates for the other games have not been settled as yet.

PELZER, S. C.

Pelzer Mfg. Co., Distribute Prizes in Flower Contest.

(From The Pelzer News, Nov. 15th.)

A very large number of Pelzer householders grew flowers in their yards the past year. It was evident from the beauty of many of the yards that those attending them exerted most worthy effort in beautifying their premises. The prizes for flower yards that were offered last year were distributed November the first and the following are those who won prizes and honorable mention:

Will Sweat—First prize \$10.00.

Ernest Sanders—Second Prize \$7.50.

W. O. Sullivan—Third prize \$5.00.

C. J. James—Third prize \$5.00.

Clarence Stoner—Third prize \$5.00.

W. P. Alexander—\$2.50.

Mrs. J. A. Wood—\$2.50.

J. C. Dunlap—\$2.50.

Frank Moore—\$2.50.

Will Stone—\$2.50.

L. T. Durham—\$1.00.

Johnnie Cantrell—\$1.00.

M. A. Davis—\$1.00.

J. A. Davis—\$1.00.

C. A. Simpson—\$1.00.

Mrs. Kate Leathers—\$1.00.

F. C. Jones—\$1.00.

Mrs. Lister Smith—\$1.00.

Gus Dunlap—\$1.00.

Mrs. McKee—\$1.00.

Those getting letters of honorable mention were:

Mrs. G. W. Carmon, W. L. Wilson, F. E. Powell, J. D. Spearman, L. J. Land, T. M. Ross, M. O. Williamston, J. P. Pollard, Mrs. Annie Roach, Mrs. Bawcum, M. B. Mulinax, Ira Holiday, Mrs. Ora Liles, C. J. Griffin, J. B. Woods, Jack Fowler.

J. W. Kelly, general superintendent mailed out the checks and letters of honor to these worthy citizens the first of the month. Mr. Kelly's letter to those not winning prizes but who deserved honorable mention is herewith given:

Dear Sir:—

I wish to take this means of thanking you for the beautiful premises you kept during the year 1927 in Pelzer. I am sorry you did not get one of the prizes but feel sure that you have gotten real joy out of keeping the beautiful yards that you have and want to take this means of thanking you again for your co-operation and trust that next year you will win the first prize.

Assuring you again of our appreciation in the matter, beg to remain,
Yours very truly,

Pelzer Mfg. Co.
J. W. Kelly, Gen. Supt.

DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

The days rolled by, and John helped in the fields, glad to keep busy, while Maud and Louella were happy with the house work. But every night when they would retire, Maud and Albert talked over what might happen, should Johnnie come home unexpectedly. They did not even know where he was.

CHAPTER XXXI

One Sunday morning in late summer, while Alfred waited for Maud to get ready for Sunday school, he joined his father, who sat smoking, out on the lawn under the shade of a majestic oak.

A mocking bird, singing as if its little throat would burst with melody, was perched in the top of a tall pear tree in the garden, in plain view; and John Elgricel listened with rapt countenance, smiling in appreciation as the lovely bird would emphasize its joyous notes with pretty graceful motions of its slender body, or would spring into the air and quiver, poised for a moment, then alight—and dance on the swaying bough.

"I wouldn't take a share in the railroad for that bird," John remarked taking his pipe from his mouth. "Doggone if he doesn't act as if he knows we like to see and hear him, too."

"Yes, he does," agreed Alfred, sitting down on the rustic seat by his father.

"Pa, go with us to church."

"No—son,—I feel better and more at home right here with the birds. Don't worry about me—I— just don't enjoy going to church."

"But Pa, you ought to go. The church is a divine institution, where God's children meet to serve and worship Him. Granny always looked forward all the week, to going to Sunday school and church on Sunday."

"Well, I'd go if I enjoyed it, but I don't."

"Pa, you can't serve God in the dark, or on the sly. You've got to confess Him before men. You've got to take a stand for Him, and show your colors, if you are ever a happy Christian."

John did not reply, and presently Maud came out and she and Alfred left John and Louella to keep house.

The young couple walked along in thoughtful silence for a few moments. Maud slipped her little brown hand through Alfred's arm and looked sympathetically into his troubled face:

"We'll never get him to church, will we?—and Louella won't go without him,—loyal soul that she is."

"Maybe if she came anyway, pa'd come too, rather than be left alone," replied Alfred. "Pa's failing, and—"

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy

Hearts of Gold

Will Allen—Sinner

The Better Way

A Man Without a Friend

Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

DOWN ON THE FARM

When I was a boy I went in my shirt-tail till I was 12 years old, and enjoyed it. An empty 24 pound flour sack always made the most satisfactory shirts for boys not endowed with other clothes. The prettiest garment I ever had in my life was a shirt made from an empty flour sack that had the picture of a dog jumping thru a hoop, and the words: "Second patent" right under it. You can imagine my pain and suffering and sorrow when they washed that "thing of beauty" and both the pictures and the reading disappeared.

My folks tried to make me wear my brogans or boots during snows and freezes, but anything that hurt my foot had no place in my wardrobe, so a pair of shoes would descend from Tom Dick and Harry to me, and none of us ever wore them long enough at a time to injure them. We kept them greased by skimming the top off of a pan of dish-water, and rubbing it on with a rag. We put on britches about the time "the frost was on the pumpkin," but so much clothes proved uncomfortable to me.

I finally reached manhood, that is—I thought it was manhood: I was 17 years old. I began to peep around the corners at the girls at that age. I used lard on my hair every Sabbath, and let a cotton string hang over the top of my britches to make folks think I had on underwear, which I didn't. I wore a watch chain constantly when I was dressed up, and stayed scared plumb to death when I was in a crowd—I was afraid somebody might ask me what time it was. I got the watch chain out of a nickel prize box.

I always rode a little mule when I went a-courting. He was a pretty animal, and weighed about 650 pounds. I craved a saddle something terrible then, but had to ride on an old crocker sack instead, and my jeans clothes certainly let that stuff stick to them. I generally hitched my mule about a mile down the road from my honey's house on account of no saddle, and to keep him from hollowing so much. I was so green he would give a roar every time he saw me. He evidently thought I was a crane-brake.

I made it a rule to carry my girl something every time I went to see her. I would take green goobers one time, and the next time, I'd take along some sweet gum that I had picked myself, and maybe I'd get hold of a stick of candy somewhere during the week, and she and I would have a good time "nursing" each end of that candy at the same time. I carried chufas occasionally, and frequently I found some chinquapins and chesnuts and scaly-barks. I took her a big turnip once, and she gave me half of it. Boys, them was times, and I stayed so happy from one Sabbath (it was Sunday then) to the next I could pull more fodder and pick more cotton than any other hand on the farm.

"Yes, he is," agreed Maud. "He doesn't complain though, just grows more and more silent and preoccupied, eats very little,—yet works just the same. I wonder what is the matter? Do you think we should see a doctor?"

Alfred shook his head: "It's remorse, Maud,—remorse that has buried relentless fangs into his very soul."

I heard him muttering yesterday, wishing that he could die,—and he will,—if he doesn't get peace of mind."

"He's quit drinking," ventured Maud hopefully.

"Yes, and he's quit cursing and gambling. He truly is living a blameless life,—no question about that. But is his soul saved? He hasn't said so," deeply troubled.

"Well," said Maud, "we must keep praying for him. I'm glad of one thing—Johnnie and Albert are not likely to return for several months; from their last letters, they have no intention of coming home."

"No, they were going farther North,—and didn't even know where they were going to stop. Well, I'm glad they didn't know Pa is here. I don't know how they'd take it."

It was in September that John took pneumonia. The doctor shook his head hopelessly—in answer to Alfred's question:

"He has ruined his constitution by strong drink; his heart, lungs and stomach have suffered irreparable damage from the terrible habit, and there's not one chance in a thousand for his recovery. No drinking man can successfully battle with disease; he has destroyed his own weapons, and is helpless."

"And we don't know where Johnnie and Albert are!" sobbed Maud.

"I believe I'm glad we don't know," returned Alfred.

"Oh, doctor!" pleaded Louella, "Don't let him die like this! He must speak to me again. I can't let him go like this!" and she knelt by the bed and rained tears and kisses on the thin hot hands that had ceased their restless fluttering.

"He has been a good husband—and he's all—I've got—in the world! Oh, John, speak once more!—Tell us you are prepared!"

But John died unconscious; not an old man, except in experience, which had stamped indelible tell-tale lines on his face and gave him the appearance of a man of sixty.

They buried him by the side of his mother, and the mocking birds that he loved, sang daily over his grave, bringing a feeling of such loneliness to the heart of Louella that she could not bear it, and decided to return to Texas and to her lifelong friends. Alfred provided for her generously, and he and Maud gave her up reluctantly, bidding her a tearful goodbye.

And, through a change in postmasters at Brewton, and lost instructions concerning mail, the three boys were for two or three years separated from each other, neither knowing the address of the other.

Johnnie made strenuous efforts to find Susie Grim; somehow as he grew into manhood, his thoughts turned

more constantly toward Susie, and she was often visualized in his mental pictures of a cosy little home. But, he never saw her again, and Destiny led him to meet his fate, in LaGrange, where his wanderings finally led him, one beautiful day in May.

He had just arrived and had been looking the place over and making inquiries about the mills, with the intention of working a while. He had been to Unity Cotton Mills, Elm City, Dixie, and the "Old LaGrange Mill," and had been favorably impressed with the working conditions and the town in general. But he would not locate until he had visited the Dunson Mills.

It was Saturday afternoon and the work had stopped. Pretty, neatly dressed girls hurrying to town to do their Easter shopping, and as they passed by, one flashed him a coquettish glance and the suggestion of a smile which sent the blood leaping like fire through his veins.

Contrary to all the properties, he turned and looked after her, caught her stealing a backward glance, which thrilled him from head to foot, and then and there, he decided for Dunson, with firm conviction in his heart that he had seen the one girl in all the world for him.

CHAPTER XXXII

Like every other boy of his age, Johnnie Elgricel, now a little more than twenty, had treasured little souvenirs picked up in his travels—quite a pocket full of post cards, received from the fair sex, and a couple of photographs, that somehow he didn't appreciate any more, as he had done in the past.

On this particular Saturday night, as he retired to his room in a cheap boarding house, he took the above mementoes from his pockets and looked at them ruefully, and a little bit puzzled over his complete change of mind. He looked long and earnestly at one sweet pictured face, laid it down and placed with it a few letters written by the hand of an impulsive young girl—letters he had read so often that he had memorized them,—letters that heretofore had been treasured as priceless.

"John," as he had begun to introduce himself, because "Johnnie" sounded so "babyish," was trying to analyze himself.

Jessie Brent, of Huntsville, Ala., was a lovely girl, and he was very fond of her, "as a friend," he told himself, but was a little worried over the fact that he had made love to her, and had cause to believe that she had taken his attentions seriously.

But Jessie had so many admirers, was the belle of Huntsville Cotton Mills, and no doubt would soon forget. Anyhow, they were not really engaged, he argued; he had never actually proposed to her; but there existed between them a mutual understanding that when they were "old enough to make a home" they would "make it together." And now John knew it could never be, and was at a loss how to break with her. Then came a happy thought. Perhaps she, too, had met some one whom she liked better.

He started to write her, spoiling sheet after sheet of

Boys Will Be Boys.

I called to see a lawyer last Monday, and this was on his door: "Gone to dinner." I went back Tuesday, and this sign greeted me: "Gone to the court house." Wednesday's sign said: "Gone to the postoffice." By Thursday, the sign said: "Gone to the bank." Then came Friday's notification: "Gone to the game." Now some mischievous guy made his Saturday's sign say: "Gone to hell, won't be back."

We have been trying to substitute something for the play—"Ten Nights in a Barroom," as the present generation does not understand the meaning of this horrible exhibition of sin and sorrow, but the nearest we can come to anything that will take its place is—"Two Nights in Chicago," or "Forty Days in the Legislature."

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Thomas Henry & Sons Mill, as Seen by One "Old Timer."

A few days ago, while on a train near Nashville, I overheard some traveling men talking animatedly of the many improvements being made at Thomas Henry & Sons Mill. Finding that I would have a few hours "lie over" in that city, and being always interested in modern textiles, I decided to go and take a look.

Calling at the office and inquiring for the superintendent, I was told to go right in the mill and look him up, which I started in to do, and ran right into him. It was a pleasant surprise to find him to be my old friend C. E. Davis, from Georgia. I at once felt at home, for Ed knows how to make even a stranger feel at ease,—and I was no stranger. He escorted me all over the mill.

In the card room I found another Georgia boy whom I knew—Dan Johnson. In the spinning room another surprise for there I found H. T. Pickering, whom I had known in Opelika, Ala.

Then, in the winding room, J. P. Tynes, formerly of Muscogee Mfg. Co., Columbus, was holding the fort.

I told Ed no wonder the mill was getting such a fine reputation, with him for superintendent, and such a fine bunch of overseers,—all from Georgia and Alabama.

In the shipping room C. E. Davis, Jr., is in charge, and if he can ship yarn as well as he can knock a home-run or catch flyers, he will be some shipper. He is a professional ball player, and was in the Florida League the past season.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail," so without an attempt to flatter, I take my hat off to Ed Davis and his overseers, for quality of their yarns, and the excellent condition of the mill throughout.

E. J. McCrouch, master mechanic, came from Philadelphia with the company, and is said to be one of the best in his line.

The weaving department has an independent superintendent who was attending to some business in the office and I failed to meet him, or the capable manager, Mr. Dodd. But I have never had a more delightful visit, and was happy to see all these good old Georgia and Alabama boys, with whom I used to work, getting along so well on their jobs.

Old Timer.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.**Saxon Mill Items By a New and Welcome Correspondent**

A revival meeting recently closed at the Baptist church; we believe that much good was accomplished through the good sermons preached by Rev. Mr. Wilson.

The many friends of Mrs. C. D. Bell, are hoping that she will soon be back home from the General Hospital.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Law and Mr. Gabe Hill, took place at the home of the brides' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. A. Law, Saturday night. The happy young couple are spending their honeymoon at Lake Summit, after which they will make their home in Saxon Heights. Mr. Hill is bookkeeper for Saxon Mill.

The Ladies Missionary Society will have an oyster-and-cat-fish-stew supper, Saturday night, November 19th, in the store building of Mr. Wall.

W. E. L.

MONROE, N. C.**Icemorlee Cotton Mills, Inc., Flowers For The Living.**

All who knew Mr. R. E. L. Iceman, who for many years was superintendent of Icemorlee Cotton Mills, will remember him for years to come. He passed away several months ago, but there are probably many of his friends scattered over the South, who have not heard of his death. He resigned as superintendent several years ago.

We believe in giving flowers to the living, and wish to say a few words in appreciation of Mr. J. O. Edwards, who has been our superintendent five or six years, is a friend to all his employees, and always has a kind smile or word of greeting for us. And, best of all, he is a Christian gentleman, and a loyal and devoted church worker.

Then, there are our two overseers; J. A. McCraney, who has been overseer of spinning nearly 20 years, and W. C. Quick, who has been overseer carding about 19 years.

They know everybody and everybody knows them. In fact, we are all just like one big family,—so much so, that most of the people at Icemorlee get mail in the same box.

"Aunt Becky," I will try to send you some local and personal news next time. B. C.

REASON FOR SILENCE

Beth's kitten had been purring loudly, but in a few minutes after it settled down on a soft cushion, it became perfectly quiet.

Beth listened for a minute, then observed. "Kitty's motor's stopped."—Ida Kier.

Margery, the little daughter of my friend, had been very naughty and by way of punishment her mother put her in the closet. As this was a new method and she was somewhat fearful of results, she stood nearby waiting developments. Instead of the expected outcry, silence prevailed. She softly opened the door. Mutiny was still stamped on the face of the little rebel.

"What are you doing?" asked Mama.

"Been pittin'," (spitting) said Margery. "I pit on you boo dess, and on you kirt an' you new shoes and 'tockin's and now I'm waitin' for more pit."—E. C. A.

paper and finally giving up in disgust. Anyhow, he needn't be in such a rush, he concluded. Why he hadn't even "met" the Dunson mill girl yet,—and horrors! she might be married! but she had given him a smile—she couldn't be. But here came another tormenting thought; she surely had a sweetheart! Perhaps was already engaged!

How he wished Monday would hurry and come. He wanted to apply for a job. He wished he knew in what department of the mill she worked. But perhaps she didn't work; she didn't look as if she had ever done a thing but dance through life like a ray of sunshine.

John tossed upon a sleepless pillow, alternately by doubts and fears, and thrilled by the memory of a backward glance and coquettish smile, and groaned impatiently as he listened to the Court House clock chiming the wee small hours.

Sunday morning he ate a hurried breakfast and was again going to Dunson. Certainly he must go to Sunday school and church, and he'd find the place of worship in this pretty village. When he arrived, Sunday school was over, and preaching had begun.

The girl of his dreams sat in the choir, sharing her hymn book with a handsome young man whose admiration for her was very obvious, and John sat there miserably ignorant of the text, or any part of the sermon, wishing that he had never come to LaGrange, and deciding to leave just as soon as he could save traveling expenses.

When the service was over, several young men spoke to him, and invited him to come again. "The girl" saw him, opened her pretty eyes in frank surprise, dimpled, smiled and blushed,—and John was happy again, even though he saw her leave in company with another man.

Monday, he secured a job at Dunson, and as he passed through the mill in company with his overseer, he saw the girl again standing by a spooler-frame, caught her eye, smiled and lifted his cap as he passed her, and walked on air to the place and work assigned him in the cloth room.

"Say, boy, you want to be careful—that girl is engaged, I think, and her beau is a bit jealous.

"Who are you talking about?" asked John, in well feigned surprise.

"Oh, I saw you!" laughed the overseer. "Have you met her?" John shook his head:

"No, I haven't met any of the girls, so be good and tell me her name?"

"Miss Leamon Bridges, 11 Thornton Ave. One of our best and finest girls," was the reply.

"I'd like to meet her."

"Better go slow—she doesn't take to strangers."

"How long do you think I'll be a stranger here?"

"That depends upon yourself. I like your looks, and if you'll stick and prove yourself worthy,—keep good company, go to church, work steadily, keep sober, live clean—it won't take long to win confidence if you really are sincere in these things."

(Continued Next Week)